

Another Moe Dies

who trusted the words
in soaring documents,
acted thus.

& one day of many threw
everything he could in
a plastic bag, hitting

a murderous neighborhood.
Some food, some toys...hey

what the hell I've been without!
I don't know your slang & guess
I'm just a square, or worse,

but I need babies 'round & will
forever. A man laughed
I should give YOU a shirt!

Hey! This one's me & I'm it.
He was often God-Blessed,

answering I don't know...
I'm a more Eastern fool.

To know God is to be God.
Hell of an aim. We're all
God anyways. Informed

his contradictions bosh, he thought
scholars hilarious & loved them
the more that they struck

out. If, to his surprise, before
the fabled gate: Angels

hafta stand around like this?
No chairs? Nice nosh?